

[illegible]

**Here's Harry: a first look at his royal tininess, posing with Mum**

TIME, OCTOBER 22, 1984

"I like to direct my subjects and tell them exactly what to do," says Anthony Armstrong-Jones, the Earl of Snowdon, in his introduction to *Sittings 1979-1983* (Harpur & Row, 144 pages, \$20). That would account for the cool air of calculated informality that these photographs, mostly of the arts and public life of Britain, But Snowdon adds: "Often when people are told exactly what to do they become more themselves than they

disturbances these photographs, mostly of figures in the arts and public life of Britain. But Snowden adds: "What to me people are not exactly what to you know." And that would explain the hint of pawkily self-dramatization in many of the poses. Prince Charles sporting his riding silks with 18th century aplomb; Nicole's Sir Murdoch slumped back in his chair; the Queen Mother, looking so appraisingly. Actor Alec Guinness handling jaunting against a tree, wearing a rakish peasant hat. The lighting is soft and natural throughout, the camera's gaze is direct and steady (and it is returned just as steadily by most of the subjects). Snowden's photographs are not, like those of his contemporaries, imbued in the best portraits—for instance, a serene, Venerable-like study of the elderly Lady Mervyn, one of the Milford sisters—the two qualities intensify each other.



### The Prince of Wales by Snowden

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To so blatantly favour one of her children is morally reprehensible. She has no right to make up her own rules for motherhood.

I am so sick of trying to be the self-sacrificing good boy so that I might be liked by THEM. Trying to be the good little boy so that I will get some attention is pointless. THEY are not interested in me, and never will be. And for that matter they never have been. To be self-sacrificing among those who do not see what you are doing is throwing pearls before swine.

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Speaking of Mahler, a fatish elderly lady who mimed on her tiptoes as she fluttered from the stage, as if following her hand, delivered quite a thrilling performance of *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* last night at the Academy of Music. Mutt conducted. Maureen Forrester was the singer.

The cycle was born of Mahler's ill-starred love for one of the singers in Kassel, Johanne Richter. "I have written," he said, "a song-cycle dedicated to her. She does not know the songs. But they can tell her only what she already knows. Their burden is this: a man that has found only sadness in love goes forth into the world a wanderer." Mahler wrote the folk-style texts himself.

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Josef Canteleoube (1879 - 1957), has  stolen my heart. Songs of the Auvergne, Series One : these you heard when you were here just before the Griswold Reunion.

Series Two : I heard and made a tape of these ( and the Series One songs ) two days ago.

Yesterday I must have played the both series ( 37 minutes for both ) about 10 times .  
All day long I rewound and played the tape over and over and over .  
Today I am doing the same thing .

Kire te Kanawa is the singer; English Chamber Orchestra / Tate, is the rest.

It is 7:22 PM. You surely must be well underway in the dinner by now. How nice to have a social evening in town on a Friday night.

I must try to feel less downtrodden. I have lost my lightness, my ability to transcend anything. I will not give up, but to do so would be so easy. I might even have lost faith in myself. My psyche needs to scream a primal scream. Perhaps I will walk into the kitchen and do it. What a difficult thing to explain to a neighbor.

And so, as you listen to the song of the earth, I contemplate giving my psyche a good scream.  
This is a peculiar moment.

DWP.

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Saturday, November 10, 1984

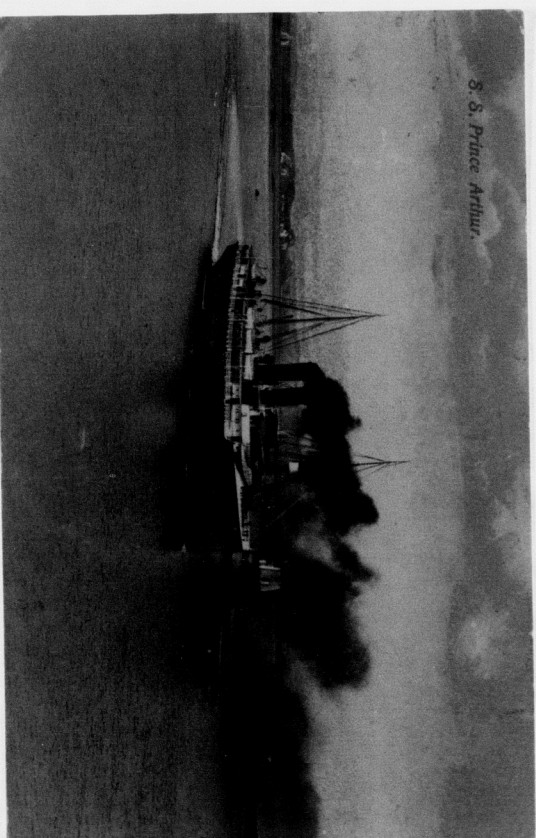
Robert -

Sorry about ranting and raving about Mother yesterday. I am having a great *deal* of difficulty with my dissertation at the moment and typically when I ( or anyone else for that matter ) have difficulties I look around for somebody to blame, besides myself.

Perhaps if I can get over my own difficulties I can come to the point of forgiving those who 'yesterday' I damned.

DWP.

DWP.



8. 8. Prince Arthur

+ "Alimony Pending for Her Property"  
Times, 10/22/94 - p. 47